The Oracles for War:

OR,

Great Britain admonish'd to maintain our ancient Rights by dint of Sword.

To a New Play-Houſe Tune.

TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms; Your Religion now fighting: Now, now, now,

now, now, now, now, Set the Battle in Array: The Oracle for War declares, the War

declares; Swords depends, Swords depends, upon your Shoes and Spurs.

II.

Arise, Arise, Arise,
Revenge, revenge your Country's Wrongs;
Fight, fight, and record,
Fight, fight, and record
your Lives in Drums Songs;
Fight, fight, and record,
Fight, fight, and record
your Lives in Drums Songs.

III.

Sing'd, sing'd, sing'd, sing'd,
your Heaven of Bell to fly;
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
let us win the day, or dye; (our Lives
The Heavens on Fight we have, the Field
of Fight and Honour, and bold Blows,
Fight on your Feet and Knees,
the Heaven of the Field.

IV.

Arm, Arm, Arm, your Rages, your Wages
The Conquering Sword,
Drums, drums with the Fifes,
Drums, drums with the Fifes
of your late conquer'd Foes.

V.

Let's away, let's away, let's away, let's away
the Scotch Lion wild;
See how, how, how, how, how, how,
his Flanish Eyes are dim'd;
With Silver Trumpets sounds a Charge,
(Charge home and true,
Look that your Rusty Swords don't spoil Rusty,
And make 'em fly for fear,
with Silver Trumpets sounds.

VI.

Let them, let them
Fight before your Conquering Arms,
Still conic Death to dread,
And conic Death to dread
Great Jehovah lead Abroad,
And make them all dead,
And make them all dead,
Great Jehovah lead Abroad.

FINIS.

Printed for A. Dodsley, at the sign of the Cat and Flute.